TWO SERMONS TO MEN

Sowing and Reaping

and

You Can't Beat the Game

By

BOB JONES

Evangelist

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SOWING AND REAPING

Galatians, 6th chapter, 7th verse:

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that (that very thing, not any other thing, not something else) shall he also reap."

Somebody has said, "There are three persons whom I cannot deceive: I cannot deceive my God; I cannot deceive my neighbor; I cannot deceive myself."

That you cannot deceive God, you ought to know. Even your secret thoughts are known to Him. There are men here today who have deceived their wives, their mothers, their children, and their sisters, but they have never for one moment deceived Almighty God. There are men here who have managed to go to places so secluded that the eyes of loved ones could not see them; but the eyes of God have seen them at every step of life's journey. You cannot for one moment deceive Almighty God. And listen, men: Sin never looked as bad in the eyes of a pure mother as it looks in the eyes of Almighty God. His eyes never looked upon sin with the least degree of allowance.

And then, it is true that a man cannot always deceive his neighbor. Abraham Lincoln told a great truth when he said: "You can fool some of the people all the time; you can fool all the people some of the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time." As little as you realize it, you are pretty well known by the people among whom you live. You know a man cannot be guilty of sin

for a long time without people suspecting it. They may not catch you, but they will suspect you. And I have found that when a rumor follows the same man wherever that man goes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred that man is guilty. They may tell one lie about Bob Jones in Wisconsin; they may tell another lie about Bob Jones in Indiana; they may tell another lie about Bob Jones in Alabama; they may tell another lie about Bob Jones in New York, but the devil does not tell the same lie about the same man everywhere he goes.

I have been in towns and cities in this country, and have had people say to me, "That man is guilty of so and so." "How do you know?" "Well, we could not go into court and prove it, but everybody knows he is guilty." I have had them say to me, "That man is guilty of so and so." They had no proof, but there was a general feeling that the man was not playing square.

There is a man here this afternoon who is keeping a woman. He thinks nobody knows it, but people are beginning to suspect it. They are saying to themselves, and to each other, "Have you seen certain things? Don't you think there is something wrong there?" There is a man here this afternoon who thinks he is decent. He slips off to gamble, and imagines nobody knows. There is a man here this afternoon who drinks whiskey, and thinks he is able to hide it, but he cannot hide it. He may go away from home to drink; he may slip into the "blind tiger," but somehow or other, people will catch him. As sure as you are here today, sin will find the sinner out. You cannot deceive your neighbor forever.

There is a sense in which a man cannot deceive himself.

But there is in this world a deceiver—the devil.

Some people do not believe there is any such person as the devil. I never could understand how anybody could tell me that. I know there is a devil when I look around America. I find out there is a devil in every town I go. Whenever a man tells me he does not think there is a devil I know that man has never tried to live right. Any man who tries to live right finds out there is a devil. The devil was once an angel in heaven. He was possibly the guardian of the throne of God. The devil became conceited. He had a case of big-head and wanted to run everything, and he was hurled from the noonday of heaven to the midnight of earth. The devil is not in hell. He is in this town. He is in this state. He is in America. He is not in hell. That is a lie. The devil is in this world. He is prince of the power of the air. Next to God he is the wisest being in the universe. I have often wondered how it is that the devil, after having traversed the distance between heaven and earth could still be intelligent. But he is. He has sense. He knows all about you. He knows the kind of blood you have in your veins. He knows all about your family record. He has kept your family tree. He can hunt your record back for generations. He knows your maternal and paternal grandparents, and knows what kind of a weakness you have in your nature. He knows whether the drunkard's blood is in your veins or not. He knows whether you have the blood of a whoremonger in your makeup. He knows the point at which to make

his attack. The devil is a great general, and he always attacks human character at its weakest point.

The devil works in an intelligent manner. He always tries hardest to get hold of the man that has the most influence. You know there are some men who get lower down than the devil wants them to go. There are some men who are carried by their appetites or passions lower than the devil would have them go. Here is what I mean: You need not be uneasy that your son will be made a drunkard by the drunkard in the ditch who wallows in his filth, who staggers home in the night time and curses the ragged wife and hungry children. There is not a boy in this town that wants to be like that man. But watch out for the man who belongs to a swell club, wears nice clothes, holds up his head, shines in society, acts like a gentleman, walks around and says, "I drink whenever I want to. I can take a drink and stop. I have manhood enough to quit when I get ready." That man is the devil's masterpiece. If he were going to make a man to order he would not change you an iota. You are the kind of a man that can drag to the drunkard's ditch the young manhood of this town.

Here is what I mean: You need not be uneasy about your daughter being ruined by the direct—you notice, I say **direct**—influence of that old prostitute yonder in her earthly hell. That poor, wrecked, ruined, disgraced, fallen creature. There is not a girl in this town that would wish to be like her. But you watch out for the butterfly of your community that sips from life's sweetest flowers, and yet engages in things impure. One crooked,

impenitent, shadowed society woman can do more to damn the girlhood of a town by direct influence than all the whores in the whorehouses of America. You know the devil wants you to keep a form of respectability. He wants you to be decent. He wants you to act like a gentleman; to reject Jesus Christ and put your influence on the side of sin. He would not care much if you would join the church, just so you did not live right. If you will help him run his business he would not keep you out of the church. He wants you to be respectable, decent, gentlemanly, have nice manners, have influence, but keep yourself where you can wield some influence for him.

The devil seldom tells a straight out and out lie. He has too much sense. If you were going to poison a dog you would give him strychnine in meat or bread wouldn't you? The devil tries to get you the same way. You know the devil knows the Bible. By the way, did you ever think about it, the devil did not tell Adam any lie—in a sense he did, but in another sense he did not. He said, "Adam, when you eat this fruit your eyes will get open." Well, they did, but they got open too late. So, many a man gets his eyes open too late. There are men here this afternoon who have got their eyes open after their sins have cursed and damned their own families.

The devil quoted scripture to Jesus. The devil is familiar with the Bible. You cannot deal with the devil without some knowledge of God's word. You will fail if you try, for he knows the Book, and no man can cope with him without a working knowledge of the Bible. The devil does not come

and tell straight out lies. I heard a man not long ago quote the Bible to justify sin. There are some people that tell you the Bible is an indecent book. They say it is vulgar, and is not nice for children to read, but I want to say this to you: You never see the Bible in a place of sin and infamy. You see bad books, and bad pictures, and hear bad stories, but whenever the Bible gets into a haunt like that, bad books and bad pictures leave the haunt of sin. There is nothing indecent in the Bible, and it never condones sin. An old whoremonger told me not long ago, when he would do good, evil was always present; quoting God's word in an effort to justify his own degeneracy, his own depravity.

The devil gets hold of public sentiment, too. I will illustrate. I was down South in the black belt, in an aristocratic town. They can go back ages with their ancestors. I was talking about the worldliness of the town, and I said something about dancing. I found out that most of the church members in that town danced. A young fellow who was a whoremonger, and had syphilis, and I knew it (but he did not know I knew it), rushed up to me at the close of the service, and said,

"Oh, you are wrong. I think dancing is all right."

"Do you?"

"Yes, I think it is all right."

"Then you believe in taking the barriers down between the sexes, and you believe in a man hugging a woman whenever he gets ready, no matter whose wife she is, or whose daughter, or anything about it?"

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said.

"Then," said I, "will you tell me how it is that it is all right to hug a woman when there is music in the room, and it is not right to hug her when there is no music about? Will you tell me how a ball room and orchestra can make it right for a man to hug a woman?"

Now the devil is the author of all that tommy rot. Whoever told you that you had any right to hug your neighbor's wife because there is a band playing in the room?

While you sit in this service this afternoon, in houses of sin in America there are thousands of fallen women. Think of it! Thousands this hour selling their bodies and souls for a few paltry dollars. Thousands of girls kept there by the base passions of American men. And let me stop here long enough to say that you have some men in this town who are "hellions" enough to say that whorehouses are necessary. This is a democratic country. If the whorehouses are necessary you ought to be willing to furnish some of the women to run them. Who do you expect to furnish the women? Would you like to have a part in it? Somebody must furnish them. You quit saying they are a necessity unless you are willing to contribute some of your women folks to keep them running.

Of these thousands of fallen women there are many who never would have gone to ruin if it had not been for the modern dance. The dance has been for years tearing the barriers down between the sexes and it is responsible for much of the depravity and the looseness and adultery of America. Yonder is a man sitting back there. He is

an upstart of a fellow. He thinks he knows everything. He thinks the preacher is a crank. He thinks I belong to an earlier age than this. He says I don't know what I am talking about. He says he dances all the modern dances; never has any evil thoughts. Do you mean to tell me you can go into a closed room, underneath beautiful lights, with the odor of flowers everywhere; with the sweetest music floating out on the midnight air; with your arm around a beautiful woman with a low necked dress on; with a heaving bosom against yours, going around in that giddy whirl, and you never have an evil thought? Listen: The man that says that is one of three things. He is more than a man; he is less than a man, or he is an infamous liar.

I gave my heart to God when I was eleven years old. I have been in the ministry since I was fifteen years old—and by the way somebody says, "How do you know so much about men?" Let me stop long enough to tell you how I know about you. I know what Bob Jones would be but for the grace of God, and I know what you devils are who reject Jesus Christ. I know what men are without God because I know what I would be. I went into the ministry at the age of fifteen. There has never been a day of real dissipation in my life (thank God), but I want to tell you right now I could not dance with your wife, or with your daughter, or with your sister, and be a perfect gentleman. If you can dance these damnable modern dances without your passions being affected, you should send for your family physician.

You man back there; you father of a daughter;

listen to me: You go home this afternoon, call your daughter in the parlor, and say to her:

"Daughter, I want to ask you a question."

"All right, father, what is it?"

"Did you ever get on a ball room floor and go around in the giddy whirl, and a fellow drew you so close you had to push him away?"

"Yes, father, that has happened a few times. I cannot dance that way."

What was the matter with the man that squeezed your daughter on the ball room floor? You are a man. What was the matter with him? Listen: While he was dancing with your daughter his passions caught the fire of hell. Suppose your daughter does stay pure. Are you going to furnish that innocent girl from your household to set on fire the base passions of base men? It is not a question of the purity of our women, but I protest against consecrating womanhood upon an altar to fire the base passions of whoremongers, adulterers, and wicked men.

Before I leave that subject let me tell you men just this: I have had a little experience in my life. I could hardly count the women that have said to me, or to my workers, in evangelistic campaigns, that they were ruined by the dance. And you do not know what kind of a devil is sleeping in the blood of your wife, your sister, or your daughter, and nobody knows. I have seen girls go from pedestals of social honor and purity down to houses of sin, and in their disgrace and ruin they have said to our workers in revivals, "It was all the dance." If you call the preacher that fights the tendency to blight and ruin our women and debauch our men

a crank, you may do so, but I am God Almighty's crank to help protect our men and our women from ruin.

The devil gets hold of public sentiment. Let me see. Where did you ever get the idea to keep your women pure, but you men live as you please? Whoever said you had any privileges that your wife has not, or your sister, or your mother, or your daughter? Why do you think it is right for you to go to a whorehouse, and wrong for your wife to go? Whoever told you it was all right for you to sleep with a woman, but it would be bad for your sister to sleep with a man? Where did you get that idea? Not out of the Bible. God said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." He was talking to men as much as He was to women. It takes a man and a woman to commit adultery. Jesus said, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." He was not talking to women; He was talking to men.

I believe in one standard. I think God expects me to be as pure as He expects my wife to be. I think God expects a man to be as white as He expects a woman to be. A sin that will send a woman to hell will damn any man in this town.

Let me give you a picture. Here is a woman that walks your streets, friendless; a fallen woman. You say, "Don't have anything to do with Miss Blank. She has gone to the bad." You say to your sister, "Don't speak to Miss Blank. She has gone wrong." You say to your wife, "Don't speak to her. You know there is a scandal about her."

Here is a man who walks around town; drinks whiskey; goes to the city, and into a whorehouse whenever he gets ready; tells dirty jokes; swears; gambles; does anything he wants to. He comes to your home, and takes your daughter to dances. He goes with her to the theatre. He comes and sits down in your parlor, and goes to your family table, and you respect him. You say, "Oh, he is a man." Yes—and he ruined that woman to whom you and your family will not speak. I have as much respect for a whore as I have for a whoremonger. I have as much respect for that prostitute in the house of ill fame as I have for the dirty scoundrel in society who goes and sleeps with her in her sin.

Yonder is a young fellow. He has as nice a mother as anybody ever had; pure as an angel; loves him with a heart almost breaking. Whenever he goes out at night she never sleeps until he comes home. She stays awake sometimes to pray for him. He remembers the other night when he went away to a place of sin and satisfied his passion and came back home. His mother said "Son, your room is fixed; everything is ready." He went and crawled with all his filth into that bed that his mother had smoothed out with her own pure hands, and he slept without even a pain in his heart, with no sense of remorse, and never thought that he had done anything that was not all right. Do you know what I would do? I would either live a white, clean, straight, pure life, or I would not ask my mother to keep company with me. I would not ask my mother to keep company with a whoremonger, and that is what you are. She fixes the bed with her

own hands in which you sleep, and you, a low lived devil, think you are a gentleman!

Let me give you another picture. Here is a man. A few years ago he married as lovely a woman as God ever gave to man. You remember it. You walked down the aisle of the church, and the daintiest little hand was on your arm. You stood in the presence of the minister of the Gospel, and he asked you if you would take that woman for your wedded wife. He asked if you would love her! if you would protect her! if you would forsake all others, and keep her only unto yourself so long as you both should live, and you said, "I will." Her heart leaped in her bosom. She believed every word of it, and all these years she has been tried and true. She has suffered for you; she has looked out for your interests; she has followed you with her love. Not long ago you went away from home, and got in bed with another woman and satisfied your base passions. You came from that bed of infamy, home, and met your wife, and you had the audacity to put a kiss upon her lips, when your lips were stained with the kiss of another woman. You talk to me about hell! If God had never made a hell for anyone else; if He is just, He will stop now and start an eternal fire in which to damn you, you infamous deceiver of a pure woman. Talk about hell! Hell is too good for you, sir.

But I am reminded that men are constituted differently from women; and some quack doctors have said a man cannot be pure. Some of you have that idea in your head. I remember I was down in Mississippi several years ago, taking a little rest. I was sitting at the table when a young fellow

touched me on the shoulder and said, "I would like to see you on the gallery." I walked out on the gallery with the young fellow, and he said:

"Do you remember so and so?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Do you remember," he said, "I was converted in a certain Louisiana town?"

"Yes, I remember it. How are you getting along?"

"I have been straight ever since."

"That is bully. I am glad to hear it."

"But," he said, "I am fighting the devil now. You remember Doctor Blank?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"He is a relative of mine, and he says I must run after women or be a nervous wreck. What do you think about it?"

"He is a dirty liar, that is what I think about it," I said. "Listen," I said, "God never made a law but that the keeping of that law means physical, mental and moral strength. No man's nervous system was ever shattered by keeping the law of God. More; every reputable physician alive will tell you that a man can be as pure as a woman." (They don't have to tell some of us, thank God, we have tried.) It's a man's job, and you are supposed to be a man. (If you are not a man you have no business in this service, for it is for men only.) A man, backed by the grace of God, can be as pure as a woman. I have a boy at home. When he grows up to young manhood, if some infamous quack should get around behind the corner somewhere and tell that boy he could not live pure I would take that man

by the nape of the neck and put this foot on his western hemisphere and send him out of town.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

I want to call attention to four striking sins of men that have been striking sins of men during the years gone by. I want to show you how our dissipation got us into trouble, and I want to show you how we are reaping a harvest of trouble as the result of sowing seeds through generations gone by.

The first sin I call attention to is the sin of profanity. If I can hear a man talk I can tell you what he is. I can meet any man in this town, and talk to him fifteen minutes, and nine times out of ten I can tell you that man's business. How can I tell it? If he is a lawyer, unconsciously he will use a legal term; if a doctor, unconsciously a medical term; if a preacher, unconsciously a theological term; if a farmer, unconsciously a term that belongs to his business. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A man's words betray the trend of his mind.

Yonder is a man that tells dirty jokes. He says those dirty jokes come from his lips. It is a lie. There never was a dirty joke that was bred upon human lips that did not have birth in the heart. If you let me hear the jokes you tell I will show you the color of your character. You know this is the day of dirty joke telling. Men even tell dirty jokes about the apostles and about the Bible, and about holy things. They make jokes out of motherhood.

Going through Florida some months ago I was sitting beside a man, talking to him. I looked out

at a simple cabin home near the railroad, and saw a plain country woman out about her cow lot. Two or three little children were following her, and she was soon to become a mother. That infamous man, by whose side I sat, got off a joke about motherhood. In a few moments I saw a little girl come bounding into the car. She threw her arms around her father and said, "Papa, mamma wants to see you." I looked into his filthy, wicked, mean, wretched face, and I said in my heart, "You are too filthy and too indecent to be touched by the hands of a little child. Your words betray you."

A man has gone to mighty low depths that can make a joke out of motherhood. A man has reached bottom who can tell vile jokes that involve the sexes. Any man in this town who will stand on the street corner and tell smutty jokes that involve the sexes, and drag pure womanhood into his filthy words, will ruin a woman if he is tempted. I would not trust any man I ever saw that delights in telling dirty jokes which drag the purity of womanhood into his speech. The root of devilment is in his nature. A man's jokes betray his character. And you have never told a joke any filthier than your soul or any more vile than the heart from which that joke came.

You have the sin of profanity. You have a man here this afternoon who will swear in his home in the presence of his little boy. Your boy has heard you "cuss" a thousand times. He is learning to "cuss" from you. You "cussing" father back there; you go home this afternoon, take your little boy on your knee and say:

"Son, who is the best man in town?" If you ask him who he would rather talk like than anybody, he will say he would rather talk like his papa than anybody. Then take your wife out and say to her:

"How would you like for the boy to talk like me?" There are men here that swear in the presence of their own wives, even at their own tables. You would not swear in the presence of your neighbor's wife. Have you less respect for the woman that presides at your table than you have for the woman that presides at your neighbor's table? God pity the woman that is tied up to a swearing husband.

Down in Georgia there is a lady of whom I have heard. Her husband was a notorious swearer. He used to come home and swear and she got tired of it—all nice women do. She made up her mind she was going to break him of the habit and if she could not do it by prayer she would use another method. One day he came in and swore, and she swore back at him. He looked at her. He went for a day or two, and he swore another oath, and she swore back at him. Again he looked at her. He went on for a week or two, and he decided to swear an oath. She swore back. He looked at her. One day he came in and said to her:

"I have been thinking it over and I would like to make a little proposition to you."

"What is it?"

"I will quit 'cussing' if you will."

There are women in this town who have heard their husbands swear until they don't expect any-

thing else. They have associated you with profanity. Your very presence means vile oaths; your very presence means swearing, and all she expects when you come home is to hear you sit down and pour out the filth of your depraved heart.

God wrote the commandments, and He put down there:

"Thou shalt not kill" and stopped.

He put down there "Thou shalt not steal," and stopped.

He put down there "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and He stopped.

He wrote, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain," and then said, "I want to write a comment after that: 'I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain.' "

If that commandment was of enough importance for Almighty God to write a comment about it, you had better never dare to have the audacity to take that holy name in vain upon your vile, unholy lips.

For a long time I have been trying to find a chronic swearer who did not reap the harvest of his own oaths. I have never found one. I have seen a man swear for years, and seem to prosper, but if I had waited long enough to find out, those oaths that went from his lips would go out yonder somewhere and gather into a cloud of curses, and come back and break with a violent storm upon his own head. The curse of Almighty God rests upon every man that dares to take that holy name in vain, and the mark of heaven is upon you. You will get your harvest of curses, for whatsoever a man

sows, that very thing somehow or other, he is going to reap.

I call your attention to another sin: the sin of gambling.

Any man in this town who gambles to get the money will steal. I want to say that over again. Any man in this town who gambles to get money will steal. The gambler says, "I want something for nothing."

The thief says, "You old fool, get out of my way. That is my business."

The gambler says, "I want money without work."

The theif says, "Get out of my way, you old fool, that has been my job all the time."

You man back there; you low down gambler. you are a twin brother to a thief. If you resent such a statement I will know who gambles in this town.

Let us see a moment. "Mr. Merchant, I have a gambler I want you to employ."

"Oh, I cannot hire a gambler," says the Merchant.

"Why Mr. Merchant?"

"He will steal when he is tempted."

"Mr. Banker, I want you to employ a gambler."

"I cannot hire a gambler."

"But, Mr. Banker, he is the best banker in the country."

"I do not want a gambler in my business."

"What is the matter, Mr. Banker?"

"A gambler is a thief when he is tempted."

"Gentlemen, there is a gambler in this town that

can take your money and make you twenty per-cent on it. Will you let him have it?"

"No, sir, I cannot trust that man with my money."

"Why, gentlemen?"

"A gambler will steal when he is tempted."

There is not a thinking man in this country who will trust a low down, dirty gambler, for every man who thinks, knows a gambler is a thief.

Suppose I should go to New York tomorrow, and steal fifty dollars, and they should put me in jail. Gentlemen, I can see the papers next day. You know, if a preacher wants to get famous, let him do some devilment, and have them write him up. They would call me "Doctor" day after tomorrow. They would say:

"The Reverend Doctor Jones, the most famous evangelist in America; the greatest preacher the world ever produced," and have it in big headlines on the first page. The Associated press would send the wire out and the papers would say there never was such a preacher as Bob Jones. He was a most marvelous fellow. He had great meetings, and is in jail for stealing fifty dollars. I can see the paper now. I can see some of the headlines. You who have been "cussing" me back there; who have been saying I am causing trouble, would go on the street with the paper in your hand, and say:

"Have you heard the news. That fellow that has been up at the tabernacle preaching and raising the devil has been in New York, and has stolen fifty dollars."

"I hope they will keep the cuss in jail the rest of

his life. I knew he was a crook," your old bum friend would say.

You take one of your black leg gamblers in this town. Let him steal fifty dollars. Put him in jail, and the papers will come out, but they will not call him Mister. (We ought not to call gamblers Mister. They are not entitled to it.) There will be a little notice saying so and so came to New York and stole fifty dollars, and is in jail, and everybody takes it as a matter of course. His friends will see the paper and say:

"Have you heard about Dick?"

"No, what is the matter with him?"

"Dick is in New York in jail for stealing fifty dollars," his old pals will say.

"He is too bold about it. I have seen him play poker, and I have told him a half dozen times he was going to get it."

Every gambler at heart knows that a gambler is a thief. They watch each other, and if a strange gambler comes to town and they play with him, they take their guns to protect themselves, and they watch him, because they know they are dealing with a thief. A gambler is a thief. He ought to be wearing the stripes of a convict. I would rather have half a dozen thieves in my town today than half a dozen gamblers. The thieves will get your money, but the gamblers will get your money and your character. All the low down, dirty gamblers in this town ought to be sent to the pen, and ought to be kept there for life, if they will not repent.

There are lots of men in this country that do not play poker, but they gamble. The man that makes

money dishonestly by any sort of method has, in my opinion, the heart of a thief. I imagine it is a terrible thing to be dishonest. Somebody has said: "A man with one dollar in his pocket, if it is an honest dollar, can go to bed at night, and hang his breeches up by his bed, and soon that dollar will turn to a nightingale and sing him to sleep."

I have some clippings in my possession taken from one of the papers of a town where we held a revival meeting. They had a conscience fund in that town. Everybody in that country that had ever stolen anything, or got money dishonestly, sent it in. One day a man got money from two different people; one just signed, "Yours truly," and sent him a bill; another signed, "This belongs to you." I am not surprised. I tell you, men, a man that knows he has something that does not belong to him, never can be happy.

A gambler gets his harvest. Does he always lose? Not always. But he will get his harvest anyhow. You can go to the home of a dishonest man in this town. It may be the most magnificent home in the city, but keep looking, and after a while you will find somewhere a skeleton more hideous than hell, for the curse of God rests upon the head of every man who holds a dishonest dollar. I tell you, I would rather live on bread and water and know it is mine! I would rather live in a cabin and know I was an honest man, than to revel in luxury for a few years with the curse that rests upon the head of the man who is dishonest.

I call your attention to another sin; the sin of drinking liquor. Some of you fellows know lots more about that than I do. Some of you have had

experience already with the breaking head; the burned up stomach, and the shattered nervous system; you know all about it. I heard of a man who had been on a spree for a week, and went into a town in the old saloon days, arriving there Saturday night. He was a traveling man, and woke up Sunday morning at the hotel nearly dead. He said, "I must have something; I cannot live through the day without it." He drank two or three pitchers of ice water, but that did not help him. (By the way, there was a woman who said her husband did not drink liquor because he drank so much cold water early in the morning.) This fellow got up early and went to a saloon, but they had a sign over the door, "Closed on Sunday." This fellow could not get into the front door, and he thought he would go to the back and see if he couldn't get in there. But they had a sign up over the back door, "Sunday, closed." He stood there cursing Sunday; said it interfered with his personal liberty; said everybody that wanted to could go to church, but that he did not want to go to church; he would die before Sunday was over anyway. By and by the Salvation Army passed, singing, "Every Day Will Be Sunday By and By," and the fellow fell dead.

Down in the pine woods of the South there was a fellow who in the old saloon days got on a spree and started home, going through the woods. He came to a place where the hogs had rooted up a great big bed of straw, and as it felt warm he just lay down and went to sleep. He had been accustomed to sleeping with his brother Bill, and when he rolled over and touched something he said,

"Bill, I wish you would get a little further over. You don't feel like you have had a shave in a month." The hog jumped up and ran off, and then he said, "You needn't be running off; I am just as much of a gentleman as you are."

Before prohibition I went through the medical department of Tulane University in New Orleans, and a friend of mine said:

"I want to take you through the dissecting room."

"All right," I said.

We went into the dissecting room, and he said:

"Did you ever see a drunkard's brain?"

"A drunkard's what?"

"A drunkard has a brain; did you ever see it?"

"No," I said, "I never did."

"You ought to see one. Here in the dissecting room when they bring these old topers in, we can tell a drunkard by examining his brain, and you ought to see the effect of liquor on the human brain."

"Did you ever see a drunkard's stomach," he asked.

"No, but I knew that every drunkard had a stomach."

I stood there, and I said, "Think of America running establishments where men can drink stuff that will burn their stomachs out, and will drink that stuff that will harden the human brain, and drive them insane, and make epileptics out of their children, and produce insanity."

Think of it! America permitting in this civilized

day an institution to run where men go and spend their money and buy the stuff that will do all that business. And then I said to myself, "What a fool the fellow is that will drink it, pour into his stomach something that will burn him; take into his stomach something that will harden his brain." And yet men up and down this country cry out for personal liberty—**liberty** to burn their stomachs; **liberty** to harden their brains; **liberty** to damn their souls; **liberty** to wreck and ruin human homes and crush human hearts.

The man who says there is more liquor being sold and drunk today than ever before is both a fool and a liar. A friend told me about a friend of his who was on a fast transcontinental train, running from Chicago to the Pacific coast. This gentleman was sitting back in the observation car with a group of men when one of them made the statement that three out of every four men were either making liquor in their own home or buying it from the bootlegger.

"That is a very broad statement," said this friend of mine.

"It is the truth, nevertheless," replied the man.

"I think," said my friend, "we have gathered here in this car a fairly representative group of men, from almost every walk of life. Let's see how the thing averages up." He turned to the man who had been speaking, and said:

"Now just between us, and there is nobody to check us up, do you make liquor in your home?"

"No, sir, I do not," said the man. My friend turned to the next man and asked him, "Do you make liquor in your home?" The man gave him

the same answer. My friend went the rounds of the circle, and not a man in that company but who stated that they did not, and never had made liquor in their home. Several of them admitted that they had been drinking men in the past when the saloons were in operation, but had given it up when prohibition came into effect. My friend finally turned to the old conductor who was sitting silently by, and asked him the same question. The conductor said:

"When they tell you there is more drinking and drunkenness now than ever before, you tell them for me they don't know what they are talking about. I have been taking a train out of Chicago for seventeen years. In the old saloon days there was seldom a train that I did not have from one to a dozen drunks to carry. Now it is a very rare thing for me to see a drunk on my train."

It is to the interest of the liquor traffic to spread the impression abroad that there is more drinking than ever before.

Commissioner Hanes, head of the dry forces in America, in speaking to a mass meeting at Chattanooga, Tennessee, said that a great deal of the propaganda that is being disseminated through the country is "wet" propaganda, and that a great deal of the stuff we see in the papers today about the repeal of the Volstead law is paid for by "wet" England and France. "Wet" France and England cannot compete with "dry" America. They realize this, and are doing everything in their power to overthrow prohibition.

"But," you say, "as long as liquor is made it will be sold." I will assent to the truth of that state-

ment. As long as liquor is made, undoubtedly there will be some men who will drink it. But on the other hand, as long as there is an honest dollar in the world, some thief stands ready to steal that dollar; as long as there is a pure, sweet girl in the world, some degenerate stands ready to rob that girl of that priceless thing, virtue. There is a law against thievery; against seduction; and against murder, but there are men low enough to commit these dastardly crimes. I will assent to the truth of this, but blessed be God, I never have, and I never will consent to it, for if I consent to it the law says I am equally guilty with the man who stole the dollar; seduced that girl, or fired the pistol that sent another soul to the throne of God.

For the bootlegger who operates a still in the mountains, and brings his contraband liquor to trade in some doorway or back in some blind tiger or alley, I have the utmost contempt, and he is deserving the utmost penalty the law can inflict upon him, but as between the bootlegger, the man who makes it, and the respectable, "law abiding" club man who buys it and drinks it, I think the bootlegger is the better of the two. If it were not for the so-called respectable man, the bootlegger would have no market for his goods. The man who, perchance, may be a member of the church; and if so, the greater the shame, and the disgrace, buys whiskey from the bootlegger, is doing more to offset the influence of the eighteenth amendment than all the bootleggers in the country.

"But I don't like prohibition." In the name of heaven, what has that got to do with it? Some people don't like penitentiaries either, but we have

them in almost every state. Who are you to set yourself up to criticize the land that gave you birth; a country where the foundations were laid by the bleeding hands of our fathers, and a country to which you owe every drop of your blood? The eighteenth amendment is a fact; not a supposition; not a theory, but a fact, and the man who drinks is breaking the law, and I am saying to you he is a traitor to the flag under which he lives. That attitude is a breeder of anarchy. The respectable man says: "To hell with the prohibition law." The anarchist says: "To hell with all law, and to hell with you with the law."

I haven't a word to say in closing that will make anybody smile. There is nothing to smile about. I am going to speak modestly and plainly. I want to talk to you about a sin that is damning and ruining America; possibly in some ways the greatest sin that is cursing us today, take it all over the country. I am speaking of the sin of adultery. I have said numbers and numbers of times that the sin in this country today that has our people by the throat; that is cursing us in every section to such an awful extent, is the sin of adultery. And there is such an awful harvest we have been reaping from this sowing, to which I want to call your attention.

You hear people talk about the fight against tuberculosis. You hear people talk about the fight to put yellow fever out of Latin America, and you hear people talk about this fight, and that fight, and the other fight for reform; but I want to tell you right now, there is a greater enemy than any of these as a result of our sin of adultery. It is our tremendous battle against venereal disease.

Down South a prominent physician sent to me not long ago a book with an article marked. The story is this:

A young lawyer married a beautiful girl, just out of college, and they went away on a trip. They came back home in a few weeks, and she was all fagged out. They thought she was all worn out from traveling, and from shock and excitement of those early married days. She went to bed. In a day or two the doctor came and kept coming, and every day he came he grew more serious. Then the doctor came one day and said, "I want Doctor Blank to consult with me." During the consultation they decided it was a case of abdominal pregnancy. They operated, and found they were mistaken in their diagnosis. They got the microscope, and found gonococci, the germs of gonorrhoea. They took out all of her organs. One of the doctors took her husband aside and said to him:

"Did you ever have gonorrhoea?"

"Five years ago I had a mild case, but nothing serious," he said. "I took treatment. I am well."

They examined him with the microscope and found he still had gonorrhoea. The roses never bloomed in the cheeks of that young bride, and the luster never came back to the eye, and no little baby ever blessed that home. Listen: One little night of wicked dissipation plucked the roses from those cheeks; snatched the light from those eyes; took the joy of a mother's heart out of the bosom of that woman. And yet you have men here today that will dare to make light of sin. You hear people talk about little sin. Men, there is no little

sin, and don't you dare ever to make light of sin, for sin brings its curse.

Did you know that fifty times out of one hundred when a baby is born blind it is because its parents had gonorrhoea? Did you know that fifty times out of one hundred when a married couple cannot have children it is because the husband has had gonorrhoea? There is many a woman that walks the streets of our towns and cities in America with her heart breaking in the longing for a baby. People think she is barren, and she thinks she is barren, but that is not true. She married a man who had made light of sin, and he had reaped his harvest of gonorrhoea. I am giving you the minimum. Ask any doctor in this town. If he will, he can tell you that Bob Jones was too conservative. Seventy times out of one hundred when a married woman is operated on for female trouble, it is because she married a man that had gonorrhoea. Seven times out of ten when a married woman from this town is taken away to some institution and operated on for female trouble, if the doctor would use his microscope he could find gonorrhoea. That is the lowest estimate. There is many a woman in this country, loyal and true, to her husband, whose physical body has been racked and ruined and cursed because he made light of sin.

I was speaking some months ago in a coast town in Florida, and while I was talking along this line, a preacher friend of mine whom I had known all my life, wept as I talked. When I was through with my message he said:

"I want to see you."

"All right," I said, "come to the hotel."

"Bob," he said as he put his hand on my shoulder, "my heart is breaking."

"What is the matter with you?" I said.

"You know when I was a boy I used to be wild."

"I remember," said I.

"You know I was fast."

"Yes, I remember."

"You know I had gonorrhoea."

"Yes, I believe you told me so. What is the matter?"

"My wife has been under the surgeon's knife three times, and is a nervous and physical wreck. I knew I had really never gotten well, but I never knew before today that I had sent my wife under that anesthetic; that I had put her on the operating table! that I had been responsible for the movement of the surgeon's knife that removed those organs."

Oh, young men, do not make light of sin. Sin will curse you. Sin will curse the woman you marry. Sin will curse that child unborn. **Sin, sin, sin** will damn your soul. Don't you ever make light of sin.

If the doctors of this town could only tell all they know! I remember talking along this line one day, and there was a man sitting down in front of me weeping bitterly as I talked. He was the most prominent citizen of that town; the solidest man in the community. When we were through I walked out with a doctor friend of mine. He slipped his arm around me and said:

"Did you notice that man weeping?"

"Yes, what is the matter, doctor?"

"I just wanted to ask you if you noticed him weeping," he said.

Someone told me a day or two later that while I was standing there talking this man's wife was in the hospital. She was operated on. And they told me that when he was a young man he was the most dissipated man in the country.

Oh sin! Men, you can talk to me about hell fire; you can talk to me about burning brimstone; but if I had to go home and watch my wife's face pinched and drawn; if I had to see her eyes droop; if I had to notice her with a nervous hand; if I had to hear her talk about a breaking head and aching back, and I knew my sin had cursed her, I would carry a little hell in my bosom that would burn like brimstone brought from the lake of fire. Sin—sin with its curses. Don't you ever make light of sin. There are some men here this afternoon that have had the harvest. They have seen. They know. I am not talking to you about the bye and bye either. I am not talking to you about the harvest to come. I am not talking about the hell of brimstone. I have been talking to you about the hell of now, and you men have been there, some of you, and you know.

Some years ago, aboard a railroad train between Meridian, Mississippi, and Selma, Alabama, I was standing on the rear platform of the train. I watched a negro who had jumped from the train when it was running about twenty miles an hour. All at once I noticed a young fellow standing by my side. As the train pulled on down the road he turned around and said:

"I wish to God I was dead and in hell."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"I wish I was dead and in hell," he repeated.

I thought he was insane. I got hold of his arm and said:

"What is the matter? Come on inside and sit down and tell me your trouble."

"I have been out west playing baseball. I belong to a certain league," he said. "My mother did not want me to go. We live in a certain town, and my father is a great churchman, a good Christian man, and my mother is a good Christian, too. They did not like the baseball life; did not want me to go. I went anyhow. I went out with the boys one night; went into a whorehouse. The first night I was ever in a whorehouse I caught syphilis, and then I went to Hot Springs for a while, thinking it would cure me. I have taken mercury enough to kill a dozen men. The doctor says I have one of those stubborn cases, and I want to die."

He pulled off his cap, and I looked into the finest eyes I ever saw, and the most magnificent forehead. He ran his hand through his hair and pulled out a handful, and said:

"Look here."

Then I laid my hand on his shoulder and said:

"You must eat dinner with me in Selma."

God bless the fallen man. I don't care which way he goes I want to help him. I never saw a man with a broken heart that I did not want to put my arms around him and help him out of trouble. Oh, man in trouble today, Bob Jones is your friend. God bless the man who is down and out; the fellow

that is harvesting the curses; the fellow that is in awful ruin. This fellow said:

"I am not fit to eat with you."

"Yes, you are," I said; "you will take dinner with me today. Never mind, I want to talk to you."

I took him to Selma. I went up to the hotel and he talked with me, and went into dinner with me. I talked to him about his soul. I tried to get his mind away from his trouble. After dinner we walked down to the train, and he said:

"Mr. Jones, there is one little thing I did not tell you."

"What is that?" I asked.

"You know I am engaged to be married in two months, and I am not fit to touch the tips of her fingers. I do not know what to do. I don't know what to tell her. I cannot marry her." He turned those eyes to mine, and they were just swimming in tears, as he said:

"If you pray for me will it do me any good?"

"I do not think my prayer will cure you, but you are a man; you are young. Go home; put yourself into the hands of the family doctor. Don't fool with the advertising quack. Go to see a qualified, trustworthy man who is not too broad in his claims, and stick to him two years, three years, and longer, if necessary. You can get well. Put off your wedding. Find some way out. Live for God, and be a man. Don't go around this country like a child."

We got down to the train. It was almost time for him to get aboard. He said:

"I thank you very much, Mr. Jones. You have

been very kind. You have helped me a great deal. I have enjoyed so much being with you, and when I go home, if I don't commit suicide, I am going to write you."

"You are not going to commit suicide. You don't get on that train until you tell me you will not. Give me your word."

"I can't promise," he said.

"Don't get on that train. I am not going to let you get on. Stay with me."

"Mr. Jones, I must get on that train. My train is going. I must get aboard."

I followed him up to the side of the train while he stepped on; took his hand and begged him to say that he would not. He said:

"I cannot do that. I will write."

I did not hear from him. Some weeks later I met a fellow who said:

"I knew that chap. He came home for a few days; moped around, and finally went out in a lonely grove, took a gun and blew out his brains."

Oh, man, don't you make light of sin. You can blot out God, and blot out heaven, and blot out hell, and let this world be all, and it will still pay to live a white life.

I like to be clean. Oh, don't talk to me about sin. I like to sleep at night with a clean conscience. Men, let us live right. That is all Bob Jones is trying to get you to do in this town is to live right. I have to live right when I think of my mother. My mother, who belonged to the old school. My dear old time country mother. I can see her now, when she kissed me goodbye as I went to the school

in the morning, and kissed me when I came home in the evening. I can hear her voice again telling me to be a good boy. I remember when she died, and I held her hand, and told her goodbye, and promised to meet her in heaven, and I remember how I have been out in the cemetery and knelt by her grave, and prayed until the twilight shadows would gather, and the stars come out of the evening sky, and I said:

"O, God, I had a good mother. Help me to be good. It is not easy to be good. This is a world of temptation. There are a thousand battles every day. But, O God, help me to be pure."

I am going to close quickly. I want to tell you a story, and I think it will bring memories home to some of you.

It is said, that during the civil war, on a certain battlefield a boy fell. They sent his mother word to come, and she came. She got to the hospital; the doctor met her, and said:

"Madam, you cannot see him now. If you go in there you will shock him. He is going through the crisis. We will try to save him, but if you shock him he will die. Wait till morning."

"I don't know how I can wait, doctor, and I do not think I would shock him."

"But," said the doctor, "you must not see him, madam. Wait until morning."

They put her in a room, and all night she walked and prayed, and she heard him talking in his delirium. She thought morning would never come, and then she thought the doctor would never get

there. After a while the doctor came, and went into the room, and came out. She said:

"I can see him now?"

"No, madam, no, the crisis is not over. Wait until afternoon. We must try to save him. If you shock him he will die."

The doctor went away, and the nurse went out. This mother went tripping in as light as a kitten—nobody could ever walk as lightly about a boy's sick bed as a mother. She walked up to the bedside, reached over and put her hand on his head, and he said:

"Oh, nurse, that feels like my mother's hand. That is the way my mother used to rub my head, and that is what I wanted all night. Now I am going to sleep. If you had done that last night I could have rested. That is just the way mother used to do. That feels like mother's hand, nurse, and I am going to sleep," and he fell asleep.

Two hours went by; the crisis was gone, and he opened his eyes and said:

"Oh, my mother."

Man, man, was there ever a tender hand like that on your head? If so, in the name of God, live right.

When I think of Jesus Christ, the Man of Galilee, the Christ of Glory, I must live right. Oh, God, help us to live right!

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE GAME

My text this afternoon is in Numbers; the thirty-second chapter, and the twenty-third verse:

You can't do wrong and get away with it. You didn't know that was in the Bible, did you? Well, it is. It is not in the Bible in just those words, but that is what it means. The Bible says:

"Be sure your sins will find you out." It means, you can't do wrong and get away with it. In other words, you can't beat the sin game.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." That is no philosophical aphorism; no idle threatening. Those are the words of divine inspiration, clothed with the garments of eternal truth, and backed by the arm of inexorable justice.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Apply this text where you will, it always comes true. It comes true in the life of a nation. No nation has ever beat the game of sin. The fall of empires and the decay of the republics of the past prove the truth of this text.

The excavators are digging out of the earth, and are bringing to our attention in this day the story of the civilizations of the past. These discoveries tell the story of wealth, culture, sensuality, sin, and ruin. Babylon, Greece, Rome and other nations tried to beat the game of sin, but sin won.

Some people talk as if they thought America might win, though other nations lost. Listen; God is under no obligations to America unless America

is square with God. You let America desecrate the Sabbath; you let America worship at the altar of gold; you let America continue her divorce evil; you let America continue her pursuit of lust, and if America forgets God, America's star will set.

Hear me, my countrymen; America can't beat the game of sin. Hear me, you bootlegger. Hear me, you man back there who buys liquor from the bootlegger, and then stands up and sings, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." You dirty crook, you are not entitled to a country. You spit on the flag and trample on the constitution. You ought to be in the penitentiary. You would damn America to satisfy your damnable and depraved appetite.

Hear me, you native born Americans who join with these degenerate foreigners in an effort to break down our Christian Sabbath. If these unassimilated foreigners don't like our Sabbath, let them take a boat back home. The boats run both ways, and these folks who are here for our loaves and fishes can go back to Russia or somewhere else. They talk about a "blue Sunday." We don't want a "blue Sunday," but we want a red, white and blue Sunday. We want to preserve for our children the institutions that have made America the greatest country on God's earth.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." This text is true in the life of a local community. You citizens of this town, listen to me. If you want to build a city that will stand, you will have to write the name of God above your office building; over your bank doors; on the walls of your schoolrooms, and you must write the name of God on the hearts of your people. Your leading citizens can't patron-

ize bootleggers, play poker, and dance all night these damnable modern lustful dances without destroying the foundation of your municipal life. No man is a friend to his town who lives in sin, and turns his back on God. Brick and mortar, bank buildings, and skyscrapers don't make a city that will abide. If you want to build right, build your city out of clean manhood and pure womanhood. No man is a true patriot who lives in sin, and refuses to render allegiance to God. The greatest asset this city has is the godly men and women who walk your streets and mingle with your people. Your town can't beat the sin game, and you are fools to try.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." This is true in the life of a family. You hear men talk about the skeleton in the family closets, but skeletons are not so disgraceful as long as you can keep them in the closets. The trouble is this—skeletons won't stay in closets forever. They break down those closet doors, and walk into the parlor, and dance on your parlor floor. Then these skeletons walk out the front door and go uptown and tell the people where they came from.

I am talking to some father this afternoon who lives a sinful life before your children every day. You neglect your Christian duty. There is no family prayer at your house. Your example is all wrong. Your children have your number. They know you. You can't pop a sham, crooked, life off on your child. The children will go you one better in sin. You stay away from church on Sunday night, and when the children grow up they will stay away from church morning and night.

You swear, and the son will swear and tell dirty jokes. You break the prohibition law, and your children will lose respect for all law. Some day you will be paying your boy out of jail. Don't blame anybody but yourself when the sad day comes. Take your medicine like a man. Remember, you were the fool. You tried to beat the game of sin; but the sin game is unbeatable.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." This text is true in the individual life. No man ever lived who could beat the game of sin. You can't do wrong and get away with it. You think you can. Every human wreck on earth and in hell thought he could, too. These wrecks know better now. When you have made a mess of your life you will learn your lesson, too, but why not have some sense and learn your lesson before the tragic day of ruin and shame. Use your head, men. For God's sake, think! Don't play the fool. No man ever lived who was wise enough, shrewd enough, and enough of a genius to beat the game. You can't do it. Don't try it.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." It is physically impossible for any man to beat the sin game. God made your body so sin will mark it. Your face is an index to your life. The gambler has a strange, restless eye which betrays him. I can pick you out in a crowd. You can't conceal your sin. The serpent of lust crawls across your face, and leaves a slimy trail. If you are an adulterer, the set of your jaw, the curl of your lip, and the depravity of your eye tell the story to observant men.

The drunkard does not have to carry a placard

with the words, "I'm a drunkard." Let him walk the street, and his bloated face and bloody eye will tell the story of his ruin. The fallen woman does not have to wear a scarlet letter on her breast to tell the world of her shame. Her faded face and suspicious eye tell the story of her infamy.

Men, God gave you a body that makes it impossible for you to beat the sin game. I am talking to men today who have trembling hands because of sin. Some of you have a skipping pulse because of sin. Some of you have aching joints because of sin, and some of you have a hard liver because of sin.

A few years ago I spoke to men only, one Sunday afternoon, in my home town, Montgomery, Alabama. When I was through my service I started out at the door and a young friend of mine, a minister, shook my hand. His hand was scorching hot.

"You're sick," I said.

"Yes, I hardly know where I am," he replied.

I called a taxi and rushed him to my home and put him to bed. I 'phoned my family doctor, and when he came he took my friend's temperature. The thermometer registered one hundred and five degrees. I stayed up all night, sponging him to keep his temperature down. The next day the physician brought a specialist out with him. The specialist began to thump his chest, and then he thumped in the region of his stomach. When he got to his liver, he said:

"Did you ever drink?"

"Doctor, before I was converted under Brother

Jones' ministry a few years ago, I was a beer drinker. I never drank much whiskey."

"I knew it," said the doctor. "You drank enough to harden your old liver. We will get you up from here, but you may expect a return of these attacks."

What a shame for a man to go through life handicapped like that. Converted and in the service of God, but he will never do half of all he might have done, because when he was young he tried to beat the game of sin.

A few years ago an old preacher, one of the famous old men of the South, wrote me a long letter, congratulating me on one of my meetings. He closed his letter with a statement like this:

"I am getting old and won't be here much longer. I am in bad shape physically. Most of my infirmities are due to my early dissipation. God has been good to me. He saved me, and has used me in the ministry, but how I wish I had never dissipated before I was converted."

Young men, hear me. Every dissipation of youth must be paid for with a draft on your manhood. If you are willing to pay, go on in your sin, but pay you must. You can't beat the game.

I thank God there is no alcohol in my blood. There is no gonococci (the germs of gonorrhoea) in my blood. There is no syphilitic germ in my blood, or in my spinal fluid. I praise God when He saves a drunkard, but He has been better to me than He ever was to a drunkard. He saved me before I became a drunkard. I praise Him when He saves a libertine, or a degenerate, but how good He was to save me before my manhood was cursed

by disease and sin. Men, sin always leaves a man worse than it finds him. It is never a blessing, but always a curse. Remember, fellows, God says it: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Sin does not only mark a sinner's body, but sin puts its mark on the sinner's brain. Materialistic psychologists have argued that the human brain secretes thought like the liver secretes bile, but we know better now. The brain is the instrument on which the mind plays. Your mind plays on your brain like a violinist plays on a violin. Not only so, but your brain is psychologically affected by your thoughts. When you think, that thought walks across your brain and leaves its footprints like footprints in the sand. A thought plows a furrow in your brain like a furrow in the field. If you continue to think along a certain line, that furrow gets deeper and deeper, and it soon becomes almost impossible for you to keep out of the furrow. Every thought you have has a tendency to slip into the deepest furrow of your brain. Here is what I mean: You take a man who thinks of money most of the time. Try to divert him. Get him to thinking of religion. He goes back to money. He thinks of religion, even, in the terms of dollars and cents.

I am talking to some man whose god is his passion. Impurity has plowed a furrow in his brain. It is almost impossible for him to get away from his lustful thoughts. He finds himself, even in an atmosphere of purity, thinking his adulterous thoughts. His brain is diseased. It is filled with maggots of impurity. It is a nesting place for lustful birds.

Some years ago I was conducting a revival in a Florida city. An old man one day asked me to go with him for a ride, and as we drove down a country road, he said:

"Brother Jones, tell the young men as you go over the country that I say no man can sin when he is young without paying the penalty in his old age. Don't tell them who told you, but tell them what I say. When I was a young man I was terribly bad about women. I would run after one woman until I got tired of her; then I would throw her over and take up with another. That is the way I lived for a number of years. At last I met my precious wife. She was a lovely, pure girl. I loved her from the first, and we became engaged. We married and settled down. Just after we were married I was converted and joined the church. I have been true to my wife, and have tried all the years to live a Christian life. I am now an old man. My children are all married and gone, and my wife and I are left alone in our old age. I know I won't be here much longer, but I find my mind in my old age trying to chase the vile ideals of my youth. Brother Jones, tell the young men that impressions made on the mind are made to stay."

People used to think it was all right for young men to sow their wild oats, but we have learned in this scientific age the folly of such sowings. Go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and you will find those poor devils out there reaping their wild oats.

Not long ago a young man in one of our cities went into his room, turned the gun to his head, and blew out his brains. That gun was loaded with wild oats.

Some years ago I was in a town of the South. I called at a hospital to see a doctor friend of mine. While we were sitting in the office talking, this doctor said:

"Bob, did you ever know a certain man in such and such a community?"

"Yes," I replied; "I knew him well."

"What kind of a man was he?" the doctor asked.

I told him I didn't care to say.

"Come on and tell me," said he.

"Doctor," I said, "since you insist, I will tell you. He was the worst man after women I ever knew. That man has a string of bastard children all over the country."

"Bob, since you have told me that, I will tell you something," the doctor said. "That man is dying in my hospital. He has a blood clot on his brain. I am going to take you into his room and show you an awful picture of human depravity. No nurse in this hospital will go into his room. They tried when he first came here, and he tried in his delirium to pull them into his bed, and almost tore their clothes off. We have to keep his wife out of his room to keep her from knowing his past life. He spends his time calling the names of his paramours, and begging them to get in bed with him."

We went into the room, and I found a colored man on either side of the bed. I looked into the face of this poor, dying degenerate. I saw the death stare in his eye, and heard the death rattle in his throat. He seemed to be passing through awful

agony. All at once he raised himself in bed, and with a look of lust in his staring eyes, he said:

"Jane, come get in bed with me. Come on honey. I can't wait. Come on; come on; come on!"

The colored attendants tried to quiet him, and pulled him back to his pillow. I waited a few moments longer, and he raised up again and went through the same spasm of degeneracy. This time he called for some other imaginary prostitute. He must have had a dozen of these fits of perversity in fifteen minutes. My blood almost froze in my veins. I said, "What a fool a man is to sin. Here is a dying degenerate whose diseased brain reaches into the closets of his past and brings out of these closets the skeletons and dangles them in the faces of those who watch him die." As I walked away from the room I said: "It is true no man can do wrong and get away with it."

Boys, you can't beat the game. Your brain won't let you.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Sin does not only damn you, body and brain, but your sin will curse your children. After you are dead and in hell, your children will expose your shame to the next generation. It is absolutely true that the iniquities of the father are visited upon the children, even unto the fourth generation. Someone has said the reason the iniquities are not visited to the fifth generation is because there is no fifth generation in the family of a sinner. In other words, sin wipes out a family before the fifth generation is born.

My friend, Doctor Broughton, the great Baptist minister, told me this story:

"Years ago, when I was practicing medicine, a fine looking young man, who had passed a splendid examination in his books, came before me for a physical examination. He had been recommended for admission to the United States Naval Academy. I went over him carefully. Until I came to his teeth he showed up fine. While I was looking at his teeth, he said, 'Dr. Broughton, are you going to recommend me?'

"I will let you know later," I replied.

" 'Come on, doctor; I am no baby. I want to know.'

"After he insisted and practically demanded it, I told him I could not recommend him. He demanded that I give my reason, and I told him his teeth indicated that he had syphilitic blood in him. He flared up and said: 'That is a lie; you can't reflect on my mother and father. I won't stand it.' I explained to him that I was not reflecting on his parents, but that the taint might come down to him from two or three generations past. He went home, and in a few days I had a letter from his father threatening to sue me. I wrote him to go on with his suit; that I would stand on my position. I heard no more from him.

"Years later I preached one Sunday morning in my pulpit in Atlanta, and at the close of my service a young man with stooped shoulders, a hectic flush, and an awful cough, came up and shook my hand. I saw tears in his eyes as he said:

"Doctor Broughton, do you know me?"

"I told him I could not recognize him.

" 'I'm the young man you could not recommend to the naval academy. You were right, doctor. Dad is dead, and I have learned that he had syphilis when he was young. I have consumption, and am going west to die, but I thought I would come by and ask you to forgive me for all the mean things I thought about you,and the mean things I said to you.' "

Hear me, men; you can't beat the sin game. You are a big fool to try it.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Sin finds the sinner out because sin always sooner or later produces recklessness. You may stay conservative for a while, but later you will get a little more daring, a little more venturesome, and then you expose yourself by your own reckless abandon of yourself to your sin.

There is a man here today who is coming under the power of drink. He thinks he is able to control himself, and would resent any insinuation that he is a slave to the appetite. All right, my man; go on and see what will be the outcome. Some day you will find yourself under the influence of drink. You will slip home by way of the back alley, and hide with shame from the eyes of your friends. Next day, wondering if your friends know, you will fear to go to your business, and will blush to look into the eyes of those you meet on the street. All right, my man; go on and take your drink. In a few years you will not slip home by way of the back alley; you will reel and stagger down the main street of the town, and reaching

your own gate you will fall and wallow like a dog in your own vomit.

I am talking to some man now who is invading the sanctity of some man's home. As you slip to see that woman you say:

"I am never going to take any chances. I must be careful. This business is dangerous."

You will not stay careful, but you will get a little more daring, a little bolder, and take greater and greater chances until some day her husband will empty a load of buckshot into your body.

No man, except he be a fool, would ever run around with another man's wife.

Several years ago I was conducting a meeting in an Alabama city, and one day I gave this message to men. The next day a prominent society woman called at the hotel to see me. I went to the parlor to see this lady. She said:

"Mr. Jones, there is a prominent man in this town, Mr. Blank. He and I have been in love with each other for several years. Of course I have a husband, and he has a wife, but we have been slipping off to Birmingham and other places, and we have lived like man and wife. He called me over the 'phone after your men's meeting yesterday, and told me about the sermon. He said:

" 'I have just heard Bob Jones preach a sermon on the subject, "You can't do wrong and get away with it." He says sin produces recklessness, and he is right. You and I have taken awful chances, and I have called you to tell you I am done.'

"I told him I wanted to see him, and he said:

" 'You are as close to me as you will ever get.' "

That daring, degenerate woman looked into my face and said:

"He must see me. I had rather go to hell than give him up."

I said to myself: that boy is caught in the devil's trap. God pity the poor fool who takes such awful chances in sin.

Men, you can't do wrong and get away with it. Let me tell you another story:

A few years ago I was conducting a meeting in a western city. Night after night a man and woman came into the meeting together. The man was about the "bummiest" bum I ever saw. His clothes were ragged and filthy. The woman was a regular hag. She had only one arm, and her vile, filthy body was clothed with a patched and dirty dress.

One night we had the high school in a body. There must have been a thousand of the young folks in the delegation. A handsome young man (I think he was president of the graduating class) came to the platform to lead a high school song. I was impressed with the manly and refined bearing of the young fellow. While he was leading the song a friend said:

"Do you see that fine looking boy? Well, you will be surprised when I tell you that the old bum sitting by the side of that old hag is his father." I asked how it could be.

"That man," replied my friend, "was, a few years ago, one of the leading men of this city. That woman was a social queen. They lived in the same neighborhood, and moved in the same social circle. One day people began to whisper that there was

something suspicious, and later they stopped whispering and began to talk out loud. The man's wife sued for a divorce, and the woman's husband kicked her out of the house and got a divorce. That old degenerate and that depraved woman took up together, and ever since have lived like brutes. They have been in jail dozens of times. They get drunk and wallow in the wagon yards in each other's arms. A few weeks ago they were down the railroad track, drunk as dogs. They were sleeping, and had as their pillow the steel rails. The express train came around the curve, and he, half awake, rolled over and tried to pull her off the track, but she left her arm on the rail and the train cut it off."

I said to myself: With an example like that there are still men in this town who think they can beat the game of sin.

In a vaudeville theatre of a certain city there was a man who had a boa constrictor snake, which he had raised from babyhood. He would come out in front of the footlights and say:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I don't want you to get excited. Over in this rustic corner is a large snake, but he is harmless. I caught him when he was a baby and he minds my every word. I will give a signal, and he will come out here in front of the footlights; then, when I give another signal he will wrap himself about my body, but in a moment he will uncoil and go back to his rustic corner."

The signal was given, but the snake did not move. The performer repeated the signal several times, and at last the snake began slowly to drag its slimy way across the stage. It stopped in front

of the footlights, and the audience shuddered. A moment later when the actor tried to get the snake to come to him the crowd had the feeling that the man had lost control of his pet. After a strenuous effort the man brought the snake to him. It slowly wrapped itself around his form. Oh, horrors, the snake is stretching itself! Bones crash, and the poor man falls in a lifeless heap.

Fellows, you can't do wrong and get away with it. Your baby snake of sin will grow, and some day the sin you think you can control will master you.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." You can't do wrong and get away with it because you have a conscience. Conscience never dies. It may sleep, but it doesn't die. You may think your conscience is dead, but some day it will come back to the throne of your soul, and draw the curtain which hangs over your past, and will point an accusing finger to those acts of sin. The finger of your conscience will draw a picture of your old mother's face, and your conscience will say:

"You pinched that wrinkle. Your sin did it. You are the guilty one. Don't you sleep tonight. You stay awake and remember all the pain your sin caused a poor mother."

There is a man listening to me now who a few years ago led a girl astray. You won her love, and little by little you wormed yourself into her confidence. Then when her face was tear stained you led her into sin and shame. You robbed her of the most priceless jewel a woman possesses—her virtue. Conscience won't let you forget. Some day your conscience with a pen of fire will paint a picture of that tear stained face on the wall of your

memory. You may forget for a while, for conscience may be sleeping, but wait until your conscience awakens. God will see to it. You can't do wrong and get away with it.

Dwight L. Moody tells a story about conscience:

"Years ago," he said, "when I was a little boy working on a farm up in New England, an old man whom we had hired to help in the field, hoed out to the end of the row with me. He began to hit his hoe on a rock as he said:

" 'Dwight, when I was a boy like you I went away from home. When I kissed my mother goodbye she gave me a little Bible, and I opened it to find that she had written on the fly leaf: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I went to the city to look for a job. I didn't find anything to do in the city before Sunday came. Sunday morning I decided to go to church. I sat through the preliminaries thinking about my mother and the verse she wrote in my little Bible. After a while the preacher arose and as he took his text he seemed to be looking at me as he said:

" 'Friends, I believe the Lord is leading me this morning in the selection of a text. I call your attention to these words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

" 'I sat there in agony until the service was over, and when I walked out of the church I said to myself:

" 'I won't stay in this town. I hate it. I left the next morning, and found a job in another city.

When Sunday came I argued with myself about whether I would go to church. I didn't want to go, but I thought of my old mother and the Bible she gave me, and the words she wrote in the little Bible, so I decided to go to the morning service. As I walked toward the church I kept saying over and over: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

" 'I sat through the preliminaries in great agony of spirit. At last the preacher, a saintly looking man, arose in the pulpit to deliver his sermon.

" 'My friends, he began, I feel led to preach this morning from the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

" 'By the time he finished his text I had my hat in my hand, and was on my way out of the church, saying to myself: "Oh, God, I can't stand to hear another sermon on that text."

" 'I went to an old cemetery, and sat down by a grave. I sat there for over an hour, and said over and over again: "I will not surrender to God."

" 'Dwight, God left me there at that grave. He has never called me again.'

"I did not understand the old man then," said Mr. Moody, "as I was not a Christian, but a few years later I went away to the city myself, and in a short time was converted. After my conversion I wrote my mother and asked her what had become of our old friend. She wrote me that the poor old fellow had lost his mind, and had been sent away to the insane asylum. When I went home I went to

the asylum to see him. I found him in his cell. His hair was long and gray. His beard was hanging to his waist, and was as white as snow. He was walking up and down in that narrow cell.

" 'How is my old friend?' I asked.

"The old man turned his piercing, sunken eyes toward me, and stretching forth his long bony fingers he pointed toward me and said solemnly:

" 'Young man, young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

I spoke to him again, and, his voice rising to a scream, he cried:

" 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Everything else was gone. Conscience had driven him mad.

"Some time later I came home, and again I said:

" 'Mother, what has become of our old friend?'

" 'They brought him home the other day, but he is a helpless imbecile,' mother replied.

"I went over to his cottage. He was sitting in a rocking chair on his front porch; his hair and beard were longer and whiter than ever, and the only answer I could get to my question, 'Do you remember me,' was:

" 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His rightousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' "

Men, you can't do wrong and get away with it. Conscience won't let you beat the sin game.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Even if

you could escape the penalty of sin in this world, which you cannot do, you must meet your sin at God's judgment bar.

"So then every one of us must give an account of himself to God."

That is the awful statement of Holy Writ. You can't pop a sham life on God. Judgment day is coming.

It has been argued by some that every word a man speaks sets into vibration waves in the air and ether, and a million years from today, if our sense of hearing is acute enough, we can stand on the rocks of world's rolling on the outskirts of creation, and listen again to every word we ever uttered in this life.

The modern radio brings a solemn hush to my heart. Today we are actually talking across continents, and across seas.

I used to read in the Bible about the morning stars singing together, and I would say to myself, "Stars cannot sing." I am not sure, since the discovery of the radio, that they do not sing. For all we know, the entire universe may be filled with music which our ears have never heard. Sound is immortal. You will stand at the judgment, and every word you have ever uttered from the first wail of infancy to the last sight of old age will come home to you on the wings of the wind, and the folding pages of the tempest. How will you feel in the day of judgment to hear again every oath you ever swore; every lustful word you ever whispered into a woman's ear, and all the slimy jokes you have told? You will have that experience some day.

The most thrilling invention in the world to me is the moving picture machine. A man turns a machine, and gets every expression of the face. The smile, the tear, the look of anger and passion, all are recorded. It is possible for man by his inventive genius to focus a moving picture machine on the birth of a baby, and to keep the machine focused on that baby throughout its life, and to actually preserve every act of the life, and to preserve that life forever. If man can do this, don't you think God can keep the record of a life until judgment day? He can, and He will. I have tried to imagine that somewhere beyond the stars, God has placed His machine, and the hand of angels turn that machine to make a record of every life.

Years ago one night your dear old mother said to your father:

"I believe the time has come, for I am in pain."

The anxious father called the family doctor. There were those hours of terrible torment as your mother sank into the "valley of the shadow" to bring you into the world. The angel kept turning the machine to keep forever the record of your birth. The loving, gentle, sympathetic face of your father; the face of the fine old doctor, as he tried by his every expression to keep up the courage of both mother and father; the bright but sympathetic face of the nurse, and the agonizing but courageous face of your precious mother, all have been preserved by God's machine.

There are other pictures, too. One day there was the first tooth. Mother found it, and told father. They both felt for the tooth while angels watched from heaven. Then the first little totter-

ing step; the animated face of father, and the radiant smile of mother. All of these were taken for God's baby book up in heaven. One day in your babyhood purity you chased the butterfly in the yard among the flowers. Angels beckoned to other angels to see you in the splendor of your innocency while they made the picture. One day with a little book under your arm, and a little basket in your hand, you started to school. Mother's eyes filled with tears, as she told father: "We haven't a baby any more." The angels made the picture.

You can remember the vile things that took place in the days of your youth. Some men listening to me now did not stop your depravity in your youth. Some of you have carried your dissipation even into your married life. Some of you have broken your married vows, but why mention that, as the angel made the record.

It is judgment day. God says to the angels:

"Let the curtain fall," and down the curtain comes. God says to the angels:

"Turn on the picture," and the angels turn on the picture. You will stand among earth's teeming millions, and your record from the bed of your birth until the last breath in your bed of death will be reproduced before the eyes of the human race. Remember, men, you can't do wrong and get away with it, for there is a judgment day.

I have drawn a dark picture, but it is no darker than God draws it. Hear His word:

"Be sure your sin will find you out." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The wages of sin is death." "The wicked shall be turned

into hell with all the nations that forget God." "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked."

It is a dark cloud cast by sin, but before I finish this message I am going to hang a rainbow of hope over this cloud. Your sin will find you out. There is no way to escape this. But blessed be God I don't have to carry my load of sin to the judgment day. Jesus Christ knows what to do with sin. He will remove it as far as the East is from the West. He will put it in the bottom of the sea. He will put it behind His back. That means He will put it where He can't even see it. He will remember it against us no more forever. That means He will never remind us of our wrongdoing. Blessed be God for such a Savior.

The saving grace of Jesus does not change the law of God; which is true forevermore. "Be sure your sin will find you out." That stands. That is irrevokable. You get drunk, and get in a fight and lose your eye. Becoming a Christian won't give you a new eye, but it will take the sin of drunkenness off your soul. You go out and debauch your manhood with a fallen woman, and become diseased. Becoming a Christian won't cure your disease, but it will take the stain of lust off your soul. That is the gospel. It is bad enough to carry our penalty on earth, but thank God, He in His own way shelters us in the judgment. The Bible says something about our being hid with Christ in God. No storm of judgment can reach us there.

A few years ago a man took charge of a country school in a mountain community of the South. It was a school where no teacher had ever been able

to enforce discipline. The first morning the teacher wrote ten rules on the blackboard, and after every rule he wrote the penalty. There was a little orphan boy who came to the school. Winter and summer, rain and shine, hot and cold, he always wore his coat buttoned tight about his little body. In his coat collar there were two little rusty safety pins, which bound the collar about his neck. He was a manly little chap, and though the other boys laughed at him about the way he dressed, he studiously went on with his work. One day he violated one of the rules. The penalty was ten lashes with his coat off.

"Come to the front and take off your coat," said the teacher.

"Teacher don't make me take my coat off."

"Are you guilty?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, I'm guilty."

"Well, take your coat off."

"Teacher, I don't mind the licking, but please don't make me take my coat off."

"Take your coat off," the teacher snapped.

"Teacher, please wait a moment. I can't explain, but if you won't make me take off my coat you can hit me twenty times instead of ten."

"You take your coat off, sir."

"Just a moment, teacher. I will do as you say, but if you won't make me take my coat off you can hit me as many times as you like."

"Take your coat off at once," thundered the teacher.

"All right, teacher, but you don't understand."

He began to slowly unbutton his coat. At last he got to the rusty safety pins, and he worked and worked to get them unfastened. He slowly pulled off his coat. His little back was naked. He didn't own a shirt. He turned his little naked back to the teacher. The teacher looked down as if he was debating in his mind whether to whip him. Back there in the school room sat a manly little fellow. Quick as a flash he was up at the front with his coat off, and he turned his own back to the teacher with a cry of:

"Teacher! don't hit that kid. Let me take the licking for him."

Men, one time my back was bare, and the lashes of God's justice were about to fall, but Jesus bared his back and took the whipping for me, and with His stripes I am healed. I love Him this afternoon. He can have anything I have. If there was one drop of blood in my veins that didn't flow in loyalty to Him I would call one of these doctors to the platform and ask him to take his knife and open the vein and let out that drop of blood.

Men, your sin has found you out. Some of you are here with bodies marked with sin. Some of you are cursed with diseased brains. Some of you have lived to see your own children damned. Some of you have lived reckless lives. Many of you are tormented with a troubled conscience. Jesus can save you. Come to Him this afternoon.

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